

A Fawcett Publication

Gabby Hayes[®]

Western

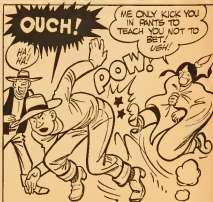
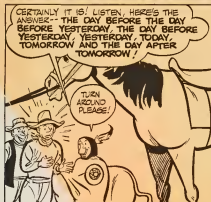
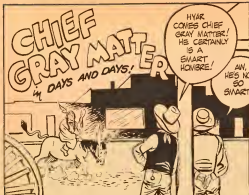
OCTOBER

10¢

NO. 11



**LAUGHS
AND FUN!**
IN THIS ISSUE
"THE CHARIOT
RACE!"





GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Executive Editor
WILL LINDSEY

Editor
M. DUNN

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President



GABBY HAYES WESTERN, Oct. 1949, Vol. 2, No. 11, is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter Aug. 31, 1948 at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879, additional entry at Buffalo, N. Y. Copyright 1949 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices, 67 W. 44th St. N. Y. 18, N. Y. Send remittance and notice of change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept. Fawcett Pl., Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S., possessions and Canada. Foreign, \$1.70 in international money order, U. S. funds.

GABBY HAYES WESTERN

YOU SCARE A BODY PLUMB
TO DEATH. BUT YORE SO
FLATTERING I CAN'T HELP
FORGIVING YOU.

YUM!
YUM!



AFTER FOUR HELPINGS....

NOW FER A
SNOOZE.



DON'T SNOOZE
TOO LONG, GABBY!
YOU HAVE TO RIDE TO
TOWN AND BUY
HORSES TODAY.

I WON'T....
ZZZZZZZZZZ.

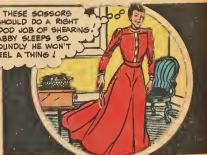


BUT WHILE GABBY SLEEPS,
HESTER THINKS!

WONDER WHAT
GABBY'D LOOK LIKE
WITHOUT WHISKERS.
MIGHTY HANDSOME,
I BET.



THESE SCISSORS
SHOULD DO A RIGHT
GOOD JOB OF SHEARING!
GABBY SLEEPS SO
SOUNDLY HE WON'T
FEEL A THING!



I'LL CUT REAL
CLOSE THEN HE
CAN SHAVE
AFTER!



HESTER COMPLETES HER JOB!

IT'S A MITE DISAPPOINTING.
HE LOOKS LIKE A....THAT
REMINDS ME, GOT TO
PLUCK A COUPLE OF
CHICKENS.



PRESENTLY GABBY AWAKENS WITH THE NEW LOOK!

AH! NOW I FEEL RESTED!



HE'S BARELY AWAKE WHEN THE MIRROR GIVES HIM A SURPRISE!

WHA...!!??



DROP THAT GUN, YUH UGLY SIDEWINDER!



HOWLING COYOTES! THAT UGLY SIDEWINDER (GULP) IS ME! SOMEONE CUT MUH BEARD!

I WARNED YUH NOT TO PULL A GUN!

KRACK!

BLAM!



HANG THAT HESTER! SHE MUST'VE DONE THIS. REGULAR DELUHA. MAKES ME FEEL NAKKID!



GOT TO BUY THEM HOSSES, BUT CAN'T LET NOBODY SEE ME SHORN THIS-A-WAY! I'LL MAKE A FALSE BEARD OUT OF THIS SOFA STUFFING LIKE THEM ACTOR FELLERS DO!



GABBY HAYES WESTERN



GABBY HAYES WESTERN





GABBY HAYES WESTERN





QUIZ..

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN ANSWER THEM ALL... SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT- EXCELLENT... 4 CORRECT- VERY GOOD... 3 CORRECT- GOOD... 2 CORRECT- FAIR... 1 CORRECT- POOR. GO TO IT!



1. EMERALDS COME FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

☐ True ☐ False

2. TRAINS ARE AMERICA'S FAVORITE MEANS OF TRAVEL.

☐ True ☐ False



3. THE AVERAGE HEIGHT OF A MAN IN THE U.S. IS 5 FEET 8 INCHES.

☐ True ☐ False



4. THE GREENBACKS WERE ONCE A POLITICAL PARTY IN THE U.S.

☐ True ☐ False

5. SHARK'S SKIN IS USED FOR POLISHING WOOD.

☐ True ☐ False



ANSWERS... 1- FALSE. THEY COME FROM COLUMBIA S.A. 2- FALSE. IT'S THE AUTOMOBILE. 3- TRUE. 4- TRUE. 5- TRUE.

GABBY HAYES

GREAT SKY CHIEF
SEND ORDER: "BURN
GABBY HAYES
AT STAKE!"

CONSNARN YUH,
PHANTOM! EVERYBODY
KNOWS I HATE A
WELL DONE STAKE!

GABBY HAYES
FREQUENTLY
BOASTS TO AUNT
HESTER OF HIS
HORSEMANSHIP, HIS
MARKSMANSHIP, HIS
FEARLESS HANDLING OF
OUTLAWS. AND, OFTEN AS
NOT, HE'S BEEN AS GOOD
AS HIS BOAST. BUT WHAT
CAN HE, A MERE MORTAL, DO
WHEN HE COMES FACE TO
FACE WITH...

**THE FLAMING
PHANTOM HORSEMAN**

ATOP SUICIDE CLIFF, WE FIND GABBY HAYES IS A CONTESTANT IN THE TRICK RIDING CONTEST!

SUICIDE CLIFF'S
TRICK RIDING CONTEST

BY CRACKY, I'LL
SHOW 'EM, HESTER,
WHAT GOOD
RIDING IS!

NOW,
GABBY,
DO BE
CAREFUL!

ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS IS A STRANGER, WITH STRANGE REFLECTIONS!

PLENTY OF INDIANS HERE TODAY! MY PLAN SHOULD WORK OUT WELL!



GABBY IS READY TO PERFORM A TOUGH TRICK--JUMPING THROUGH A FLAMING LOOP!

BY CRACKY, CORKER, JUMPING THROUGH THAT FLAMING HOOP IS A TRICK FER A FELLER STILL IN HIS DIAPERS!



AUNT HESTER DOESN'T LIKE THIS STUNT!

THE OLD FOOL! HE'LL BURN HIMSELF UP! BUT NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!



A LITTLE LATER--

COME ON, RED FOX.
I WANT TO CAMP
OUT WITH YORE
TRIBE AWHILE.
I'M A LAUGHING
STOCK ROUND
HYAR!

SURE,
BUT FIRST,
WATCH
STRANGER
JUMP THROUGH
RED DEVIL
FIRE!

HEH, HEH!
THIS IS ONLY
THE BEGINNING
OF MY
PLAN!

WHOOPEE!
SOME RIDER!

WHO
IS HE?

DUNNO,
HE'S A
STRANGER!

EEEEEE!!

THE
STRANGER!

HIS
CLOTHES
ARE ON
FIRE!

RED
DEVIL
FIRE
BURN
STRANGER!

COME ON,
MESSE WE
KIN SAVE
HIM! WHAR
IN TARNATION
IS HESTER
WITH HER
BUCKET OF
WATER?

YEEOW!

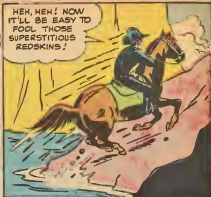
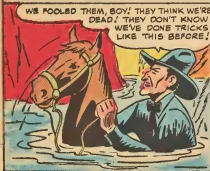
POOR DEVIL!
HIS HOSS GOT
FRIGHTENED!
HE'S A
CONER!

HIM LEAP OFF
SUICIDE CLIFF!
NO CAN LIVE
AFTER FALL!

BUT FAR BELOW, IN THE SWIRLING WATERS
AT THE BOTTOM OF SUICIDE CLIFF--

WE FOOLED THEM, BOY! THEY THINK WE'RE
DEAD! THEY DON'T KNOW
WE'VE DONE TRICKS
LIKE THIS BEFORE!

HEH, HEH! NOW
IT'LL BE EASY TO
FOOL THOSE
SUPERSTITIOUS
REDSKINS!



NIGHT... AND GABBY'S CAMPING OUT
WITH HIS INDIAN FRIENDS.

ME NO LIKE PALE-
FACE IN CAMP, WHY
YOU BRING HIM,
RED FOX?

SIT DOWN,
SKUNK TAIL.
GABBY RED-
SKINS' FRIEND.



SUDDENLY, THE
BLACK NIGHT IS
PIERCED BY
BLINDING, SEAR-
ING FLAMES!

LOOK!
FLAMING
PHANTOM!



MUST BE
MESSENGER
FROM SKY
CHIEF!

IT IS PALE-
FACE WHO
WENT TO HARRY
HUNTING GROUND
OVER SUICIDE
CLIFF!



COME
BACK,
YUH
FAKER!

I'LL HAVE TO GET
RID OF THAT OLD
GOAT, OR HE MAY
CAUSE ME
TROUBLE!



SKY CHIEF DISPLEASED
THAT PALEFACE IS AMONG
YOU. HE SAY-- GET
RID OF HIM!





THEN SKY CHIEF SAY:
"RAID WHITE MEN. KILL
THEM. TAKE THEIR GOLD."
BRING EVERYTHING
TO ME, AND I
WILL DELIVER IT
TO SKY CHIEF AS
SACRIFICE.



HEY,
LEGGO!

WE BURN
HIM AT STAKE.
PLEASE SKY
CHIEF!

NO! NO
HARM FRIEND
GABBY!

SKUNK TAIL
NEVER LIKE
RED FOX! NOW
TAKE CHANCE
TO HIT HIM!

GABBY IS TIED TO A BURNING STAKE!

I'M A GONER UNLESS CORKER
KIN HELP! TWEET!



NEIGH!

HURRY,
CORKER, CHEW
THEM ROPES!

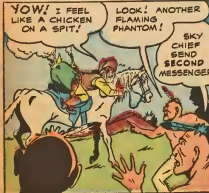


THE INJUNS ARE SO INTERESTED IN
THEIR WAR DANCE, THEY DIDN'T
SEE ME YET!



YOW! I FEEL
LIKE A CHICKEN
ON A SPIT!

LOOK! ANOTHER
FLAMING
PHANTOM!



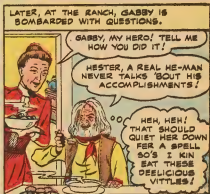
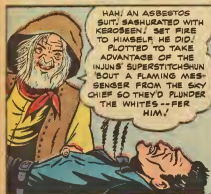
SKY
CHIEF
SEND
SECOND
MESSENGER!

RED MEN! LISTEN! SKY
CHIEF SAY OTHER PHANTOM
A FAKE! DO NOT RAID
WHITE MEN! THEY'RE
YORE FRIENDS!

I CAN'T LET
HIM GET
AWAY WITH
THAT! WISH I
HAD MY GUNS!
BUT I DIDN'T
DARE TAKE THE
CHANCE OF
CARRYING BULLETS
ON ME WITH
THIS FLAMING
SUIT ON!







COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in
Gabby Hayes
Western
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE
IN
ROCKY LANE
WESTERN
EVERY MONTH!
ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSTAND!

Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard



YOUNG FALCON

YOUNG FALCON, ONLY SON OF THE CHIEF OF A MASSACRED TRIBE, HAS BECOME A LONE HUNTER OF THE WOODS AND HIS DEEDS HAVE ECHOED FAR OVER THE LAND. AT THE FRINGE OF THE CAMP OF A FRIENDLY TRIBE, WHOM HE VISITS OFTEN, HIS KEEN EYES DETECT TRACKS THAT IMPLY CERTAIN THINGS!

MANY MEN HAVE PASSED THIS WAY NOT LONG AGO, HEADING FOR THE CAMP OF MY FRIENDS, THE SUSHAWNOS.

SWEET JUSTICE!

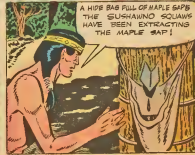
ONLY THE STEALTHY ATTACKER WALKS IN THAT MANNER! I DO NOT LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS. IT'S BEST I PROCEED WITH CAUTION!

A YOUNG FALCON REACHES THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAMP...

A SENTRY! BUT HE IS NOT ONE OF THE SUSHAWNOS. MY SUSPICIONS WERE CORRECT... A BAND OF MARAUDERS HAS TAKEN THE CAMP OF MY FRIENDS!

UNSEEN, YOUNG FALCON CREEPS IN CLOSER FOR A BETTER VIEW!

THEY ARE PILING LOOT IN THE CENTER OF CAMP TO TAKE WITH THEM. I SEE NO BRAVES OF THE SUSHANOSTRIBE! THE CHIEF AND THE BRAVES MUST BE AWAY ON A HUNTING TRIP. THAT'S WHY THESE MARAUDERS COULD CONQUER. ONLY THE SQUAWS AND SOME OLDSTERS WERE HERE TO GIVE BATTLE.



THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA! THE MAPLE SAP AS IT COMES FROM THE TREE IS VERY STICKY!



WHEN NIGHT COVERS THE CAMP AND THE MARAUDERS SLEEP IN THE TEEPEES ---

THERE'S THE BIG COUNCIL TEEPEE WHERE THEY'VE HERDED THE SQUAWS. I MUST TAKE CARE OF THE GUARD QUICKLY AND SILENTLY.



ONE MISTEP ON MY PART AND MY PLAN WILL FAIL!



I'LL BRING HIM INSIDE TO THE SQUAWS. THEY WILL TIE HIM UP SECURELY.



IT IS YOUNG FALCON!



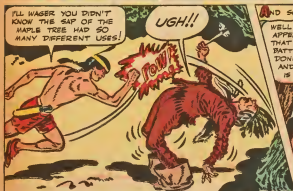
SHHH! MAKE NO NOISE! TIE AND GAG THIS CUR UP AND KEEP HIM HERE. BUT FIRST, GIVE ME ALL THE HIDE BAGS YOU HAVE WHICH YOU USE TO CATCH THE SAP OF THE MAPLE TREES!

HERE--- IT'S ENOUGH. STAY HERE QUIETLY, TILL DAWN. THEN, WHEN YOU HEAR A LOUD COMMOTION OUTSIDE, COME OUT WITH YOUR COOKING IMPLEMENTS AS WEAPONS. YOU WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO!



AS SILENTLY AS HE APPEARS, YOUNG FALCON LEAVES! BUT DAWN FINDS HIM BESIDE THE BIG WAR DRUMS OF THE CAMP!





DESERT SHOWDOWN

A BUCK DESMOND Story

By Dick Kraus



THE ARIZONA desert lay, white and shimmering, for many miles ahead. Buck Desmond pulled down the brim of his worn gray Stetson to shield his eyes from the merciless glare of the sun.

Lanky and relaxed in the saddle, the rambling cowhand kned his big bay horse forward in a steady, ground-covering gait. It was several hours since Buck had ridden out of the town of Carstairs. He had been traveling steadily for several hours and still Buck's first planned stop, the Navajo Springs water hole, lay more than a mile away.

As he rode, Buck's squinted eyes kept exploring the desert ahead. It was flat, broken in silhouette only by clumps of sagebrush and mesquite.

"Those bushes aren't big enough to hide a man," Buck mused. "Which is a lucky break for me!"

Ever since leaving Carstairs, Buck had been on the lookout for trouble. And with good reason! For, while in the little Arizona town, Buck had met an old prospector friend of his—grizzled Doc Benton. Doc had always been a mine prospector, searching for gold and silver deposits. So it was with surprise that Buck saw him draw a leather bag from under his shirt as they sat eating lunch in the Carstairs Cafe.

"That's not much of a bag," Buck said. "You haven't got gold samples in there, have you, Doc?"

The old prospector grinned slyly. "Gold? Wouldn't touch the stuff! Take a look at this!" His gnarled old fingers swiftly undid the bag's opening. "Look! Look in thar and tell me if you ever saw anything like it before!"

Before Buck's amazed eyes glittered a mass of sparkling jewels of every color and size. A few of them rolled out onto the table top. Swiftly Doc Benton put them back into the leather bag. But now his face grew worried, for two men were standing against the front window of the cafe. They had been looking in and they had seen the jewels run out on the table top.

"Buck," stammered old Doc. "Out thar . . . through the window. Clip Thompson saw the jewels! He got a good look at them, and he knows I've got a leather bag full. He's going to make a play for them, sure's shooting!"

Buck frowned.

Clip Thompson was a mean hombre. Hijacking the treasure of an old prospector was just up his line.

"Doc!" Buck asked. "What were you planning to do with the jewels?"

"Sell 'em!" said the old prospector. "I was planning to ride to Barstow whar I can git a fair price for 'em!"

Buck grinned. "Fine! Then do it! But first . . ." he leaned forward over the table, and his sinewy brown hand gathered up several salt and pepper shakers. ". . . first, let's take out a little insurance."

THIS HAD ALL happened in the early afternoon. When they got up from the table, Buck had taken the leather bag, still weighted heavy, and jingling with its contents, and attached it to his belt. When he walked out down the rutted main street, he knew that Clip Thompson's eyes were on him. And, from the corner of his eye, he saw Thompson make a furtive gesture to a hulking man who stood beside a hitching post.

"They're planning to follow me out of town," Buck realized. "Which suits me fine!"

So, through the afternoon, he rode across the Arizona desert. Now, as he approached the Navajo Springs water holes, with thirst boring insistently at his throat, Buck began to wonder.

"What does that side-winder Thompson plan to do? He saw me take the jewel bag, and he knows I rode out of town with it! He's after me! I know that. But how does he plan to get the jewels?"

Cautiously, Buck approached the water well. There was slight depression around it—not enough to hide a man. The rambling cowboy rode right up to the water hole and dismounted. He was about to let his horse drink sparingly when he saw a gray form lying on the other side of the hole. Still holding the horse's

(Please turn to next page)

rein, Buck went over to it and turned it over with the toe of his boot.

It was a dead coyote, eyes bulging, lips drawn back over yellow teeth.

Buck felt the animal. It was still warm. It had died but a little while before. But there was not a mark on it. Evidently it had died just after drinking from the water hole. Buck's brow creased. "Just after drinking—" he turned to the water hole. It's surface was a strange hue. He dipped a finger in it, and sniffed.

"Vitriol!" he exclaimed. "Blue vitriol! So that's it! Clip Thompson raced ahead of me and poisoned the well, figuring I'd drink it without thinking and let him come in and get the jewels without gunplay. He's probably somewhere off on the dessert, watching right now."

He stood there a moment, sun-tanned face lost in indecision.

"If I hadn't seen that coyote and realized the well was poisoned, he'd be closing in on me right now!"

SLOWLY, BUCK'S face wrinkled into a smile. First, he tied the bay horse to a boulder that lay several yards from the well. Then, approaching the well again, he knelt over it. He appeared to drink for several moments. He rose then, and taking the canteen from his waist, filled it.

Then, slowly mounting the horse, he began to ride away from the water hole.

But he had not gone more than fifty feet when he suddenly reined the bay in. Wavering in the saddle, he plunged off it, falling with his face in the sand. The heavy, bulging leather bag lay at his side, exposed to the brilliant sunlight. Surprised, the bay horse stood there, waiting.

He did not have long to wait.

His ears pricked up as, coming across a slight rise in the desert, he saw two other horses. Their riders were urging them forward eagerly, laughing in triumph!

"Clip, pizenin the water hole shore was a brainstorm. I'll bet Desmond never knew what hit him. And he thought he could fool us by riding away with the old prospector's jewel bag! Let's grab the bag and get moving!"

Clip Thompson laughed harshly and reined his horse in hard.

He jumped to the sand and took a quick

look at Buck Desmond, face down in the desert. "Dead as a petrified lizard," he grunted. "Now to take a look at the purty stones!" He grabbed the leather bag, wrenched it loose from Buck's belt.

As Clip opened the sack, the other gunman craned his neck to see into it.

It was in that moment that Buck Desmond struck. Acting with the speed of a striking rattler, he tensed his body and shot one long, booted leg up in the air. His boot hit the leather bag and sent its contents exploding into the air! There was a sudden cloud, and Clip Thompson and his accomplice reeled back, choking and gasping for air.

"Wh— what the! I—I can't breathe!"

Buck Desmond lunged forward, fists flailing savagely.

His rock-hard fists smashed into Thompson's middle, to the point of his jaw, and sent him hurtling back to the sand, dazed. Without pausing, Buck turned to the other man, who had just drawn his six-gun. "None of that!" grunted Buck, lashing a powerful overhand punch to the man's chest that sent him reeling away. A final uppercut dropped him beside Thompson, helpless.

Buck Desmond dusted his hands and thrust the dropped Colt into his belt.

Grinning, he picked up the leather bag and opened it. Gingerly, he turned it upside down and out spilled several salt and pepper shakers.

He looked down at the crestfallen hijackers and smiled. "Sure," he said. "We knew that, if I took the leather bag, you'd follow me out of town. So, while my back was to the window, in the cafe, we transferred the jewels to inside Doc Benton's shirt. And, to keep the bag full and making the right kind of noise, I shoved a batch of salt and pepper cellars into it."

BUCK grinned down at the furious outlaw.

"I didn't think about it at the time, but it was a mighty handy gadget to help round up you critters . . . after pretending I'd been poisoned by the water hole. And now, if you're ready to ride back to town . . . let's go!"

THE END

Thrill to BUCK DESMOND'S adventures in every issue of GABBY HAYES WESTERN!

GABBY HAYES

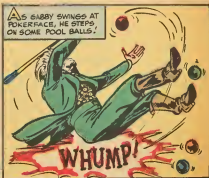
in RAMPAGE ON THE RIVER!



Gabby takes a paddling from a paddlewheeler, and a mauling from a murderer, but when he gets loose there's a "RAMPAGE ON THE RIVER"!!









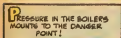














TIGHTWAD TAD

"INGROWN"



POP,
MAY I HAVE
A PENNY?



NO!

PLEASE,
POP, LET
ME HAVE A
PENNY.



NO,
YOU'D ONLY
SPEND IT!

OF COURSE
HE'D SPEND THE
PENNY / WHAT
WOULD YOU
WANT HIM TO
DO WITH IT?



SAVE IT!
WE MUST
LEARN TO
BE THRIFTY
LIKE ME!

WHY, I'VE
HAD THIS
PENNY FOR
FIFTEEN
YEARS!



I KNOW IT.
AND YOU'VE
PINCHED
THAT PENNY
SO HARD...

...LINCOLN
HAS INGROWN
WHISKERS
NOW!



RUBBERNOSE RANDOLPH

NO OFFENSE

GOSH, WHEN I TOLD CHARLEY
JENKINS I'D TAKE HIS PLACE
AS EDITOR FOR A WEEK, I
NEVER KNEW THERE WERE
SO MANY RESPONSIBILITIES!



HERE'S THE STORY
ON THAT NEW
POLITICAL ORGANI-
ZATION, CHIEF!

LET ME
READ IT!



MMMM....
NO, NO! THIS
WILL NEVER
DO!

WHY NOT?
WHAT'S
WRONG?



YOU SAY IN THIS ARTICLE
THAT EVERY MEMBER OF
THAT ORGANIZATION IS A FOOL!
YOU CAN THINK IT, BUT DON'T
WRITE IT! WE DON'T WANT
TO OFFEND ANYONE!

BUT HOW
CAN I GET
THAT IDEA
OVER?



YOU CAN SAY THAT EVERY MEMBER, WITH
ONE SOLITARY AND CONSPICUOUS
EXCEPTION, IS AN UTTER FOOL. THEN
WHEN IT'S PRINTED NOT A SINGLE
MAN IN THAT WHOLE OUTFIT
WILL BE OFFENDED!



DANG IT!
WHY DID I LET
THAT PESKY SALESMAN
SELL ME THIS COONSKIN
CAP! NOW I CAN'T TELL
WHAR MUH BEARD
ENDS AND MUH
HAT BEGINS!



ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

THE TEEN TITANS

titanfan scan
d miles edit



Teen Titans copyright of DC Comics